Greensboro High School Magazine

Easter Number

Volume II Number 2

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CONTENTS.

I. A New Year's Thought—Eugenia Malloy..... 33
II. James Ewell Brown Stuart—Albert R. Wilson, Jr..... 34
III. Grandmother's Pet—Eugenia Malloy..... 34
IV. A Senior's Meditations—A Senior..... 40
V. "A Goat, That's All" Blake Deans Applewhite..... 41
VI. Keep Sweet—Eugene Malloy..... 44
VII. Editorials..... 45
VIII. Lecture to Senior Class..... 48
IX. Notes from the Literary Societies..... 50
X. Athletics—Harry Grimsley..... 53
XI. Exchanges—Clara Glenn..... 56
XII. Current Events—Nettie Fleming..... 58
XIII. Advertisements..... 60
XIV. In Lighter Vein—Ethel McNairy..... 60

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The High School Magazine

VOL. II. GREENSBORO, N. C., APRIL, 1907. NO. 2.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

The sunburst of a wondering, wakened year
Breaks from the future's burnished bars of cloud
And rare effulgence lights the air endowed
With richer beauty. Newer thrills of grace
Make music in the heavens and the earth,
The happy heralds of the glad year's birth.

Brave, beauteous, and strong, he seems to rise
And noiselessly time's golden portals ope'
To gleaming vistas, radiant realms of hope
In rift-lights, glorying all the singing skies.

The mystery of a shadowed time is here,
The matin of the gladsome, waking year,
This day a hallowed threshold 'twixt the glow
Of dawning brightness, and the tender shade
Of days that were, and visions silent laid
Away. Now purer, holier thoughts we know.

Twin sisters, they, the future and the past,
The dawn and gloaming, swift they come; and fast
They flee again; the present only ours.
With keen and burning impulse, act or word
In memory's sweet thought hearts are stirred—
The present holds time's richest, royal dowers.

Long lights in starry scintillations stream
In varied beauty in the diamond's gleam.
So the far future, lustrous, flashing sends,
As the pale opal in the iris heart,
Keeps all its splendors, memory's inner art
Tints all the gray and sacred beauty lends.
The passing moments are time's golden gyves.
The present is the touchstone of our lives.

—Eugenia Malloy.

James Ewell Brown Stuart

Probably of all the great leaders of the Confederacy, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart is the least lauded by authors and historians, although he was as brave and daring a soldier as could be found either on the Confederate or Federal side.

Early in the memorable year of 1861 a young man of thirty or thereabouts was appointed colonel of a troop of cavalry in the Confederate army. This young man was descended from a line of soldiers and was a born fighter himself. He joined the army with his motto of "Do or Die," and he stuck to it through the whole period of the war until he fell at Yellow Tavern pierced by the bullet of a Yankee.

Colonel Stuart was a gay, pleasure-loving young cavalryman of the best habits. It is said that he never joined in the card games so much played by soldiers and that liquor never passed his lips. He was the "Flower of Cavaliers" in every sense of the word. Although gay and happy he was never lacking in bravery and would lead his men to the charge with a song on his lips and a smile on his face. After fighting a hard battle, when night came on he would go to his tent and array himself in his best. He would put on a large hat with a beautiful plume attached to it, tie a red sash around his waist, then jump on his horse and go "calling on the ladies." He was always accompanied by his banjo-player, "Sweeny," who was always with the troop of cavalry. If any young officer happened to be around when he started Stuart would always invite him to come and have a good time. General Jackson was Stuart's commander and his fast friend. When Jackson's name was mentioned, Stuart was often seen to take off his hat as if saluting some one. He would do anything, however dangerous, that his general ordered.

But Stuart saw many sad scenes in his career and was not always as gay and happy as we see him as the young colonel. He was a brave fighter and his troops had entire confidence in

him. If they were doubtful about attacking the enemy, and Stuart rode to the front they would cry out, "It's all right boys, old Stuart's here," and then they would attack the enemy with such vigor that woe be unto them that came in reach of their sabers.

At the battle of Manassas, when Generals Lee and Evans were being pushed back by the enemy, and when General Jackson received his immortal name of "Stonewall." Stuart with his cavalry was in the front with Jackson's brigade, and they charged the enemy when Jackson ordered, with such vigor that the enemy retreated from the field in great disorder, and if Stuart could have followed them, as he wished, he could have captured Washington without hardly a blow being struck.

Stuart had many narrow escapes from being killed or captured. On one occasion, while asleep in a deserted house with but one companion, a troop of Federal cavalry entered the yard and Stuart barely escaped. Indeed, his flight was so sudden that he left his riding cape and hat behind him. But he was revenged, for one night he attacked a division of Pope's army and captured that general's coat. These and many other exciting adventures General Stuart had. He was Brigadier General now. A favorite expression of his was, "I will fight them if they are a corp."

Not only did his men have faith and confidence in him, but his generals also. Jackson had complete confidence in him as he proved at Chancellorsville when he gave his commond over to Stuart saying, "Don't bother about me; tomorrow Chancellorsville will be yours. Stuart, take command of my corps, use your won judgment. I have implicit confidence in you." These were great words to come from a general such as Jackson to a subordinate. But Stuart proved himself worthy of his general's confidence, for the next day he charged the enemy and drove them from their breastworks. Their retreat became a rout and through it all Stuart led his men with the shout of "Remember Jackson" on his lips.

On one occasion when a young officer of Stuart's staff was shot from his saddle, Stuart looked at him with tears in his eyes and said, "It seems that serving on my staff is fatal."

Nearly all the young staff officers had been killed. One of them, especially, is worthy of mention. He was a young man, almost a boy, from Alabama—an artillery officer. His bravery and nerve were superb. When covering the retreat of a body of men he always showed great courage and headwork, and in resisting the charges of the enemy he also showed what he was made of. He was the greatest friend of Stuart and he deserved his friendship. He fell one day defending his guns from the enemy and in him the South lost a brave soldier and a true patriot. His name was Major Pelham.

On through the terrible struggle Stuart went, covering retreats, and attacking breast works, but he never received a scratch. He seemed to bear a charmed life as he rode out in front of his men and pointed with his sword to a battery of the enemy saying, "That battery must be taken, men." Then he would shout, "Forward, follow me," and he would charge up to the very mouths of the cannon that were spouting forth death in the form of cannister and grape-shot. In a battle Stuart seemed to be everywhere that he was most needed, cheering on his men and leading them where they dared not go alone. This brave general and true patriot went on through the war, through all the big battles and never received a scratch until near the end of the war at the battle of Yellow Tavern he fell pierced by a bullet of the enemy. He fell at the head of his troops fighting to the last for his State and his home. It seems strange that he should go through it all and then fall at the very last, but it was for the best as everything is. Probably he would not have wished to see his State for which he had done so much overcome by her enemies. He was willing to give his life for the cause, and as his fellow-officer, Ashby, said, "It is a good death." Stuart fell at the front, shot through the breast, leading his men against far outnumbering forces, but always cheerful and gay, and even dying with a smile on his face, not so young and handsome now but always the same cheerful, gay spirit. He was a man whose memory will dwell in the minds of his people when, "marble has crumbled away and bronze has rusted to pieces."

ALBERT R. WILSON, JR.

Grandmother's Pet

The mayor of Bellevue issued a proclamation one morning which aroused great interest among the mothers of Bellevue; indeed, I can truthfully say that the proclamation caused some excitement among the mothers and even the fathers of the otherwise sleepy village of Northern Kentucky. The mayor loved the month of May. His proclamation was posted on the walls and fences, and read as follows:

"To the Mothers of Bellevue:

"I, Thomas Goodman, mayor of the village of Bellevue, will present in the public square on the morning of May 1, a fine French doll to the child not over six years of age who is most beautifully attired, and who in such attire attends and participates in the May Day dance. Girls only will be allowed to participate in the dance and compete for the prize.

"Given under my hand and seal this 25th day of March.

"THOMAS GOODMAN,

"Mayor of Bellevue."

Grandmother Driscol read the proclamation and smiled triumphantly. "May must get that doll; she must have it," muttered the kind old lady.

May Sexton was five years old and was the granddaughter of old "Granny Driscol," who was very poor. May was a most beautiful child, with beautiful blue eyes, golden curls, and with three of the most charming dimples on her chin and cheeks. She was loved and pitied by all the good people in Bellevue. But no one expected her to win the mayor's prize for all knew May was very poor.

The dressmakers of the village were soon very busy, and many a mother sat up at night to prepare proper clothes for their darlings. Each mother knew her daughter would win unless the judges were biased, which all hoped they would not be. Whispered rumors soon passed around the village of ex-

ceedingly handsome and very costly dresses which were being made for the day of competition. No one gave any attention to what Granny Driscol was doing, and no one expected May Sexton to compete for the prize. "Granny Driscol," however, had said, "May must get that doll, she must have it."

When the mothers of the village heard that May was to enter the contest they looked knowingly at each other and smiled. Several of them remarked, "Poor thing." While no two of the mothers could agree as to which child would win, they all agreed that May would not.

The first of May was all that could be wished—sunny, cloudless. The mayor declared it to be "a glorious day." The May-pole was beautiful in its garb of bright ribbons, and everything contributed to make the day a joyous one. The competing children numbered forty, and they were brought to the public square in cabs. As they were helped from the carriages by the mayor himself and a committee which was to judge as to most fitting attire, each child was applauded. The last child to alight looked so lovely that the mayor could not help kissing her. "I'll tell grandmother on you," the little one poutingly exclaimed, and the mayor and committee laughed heartily.

The dance about the May-pole soon began, and the members of the committee were given seats near enough to see each pretty child as it circled past them. Many anxious mothers inquired "Whose little girl is that with the golden curls and dimples?" She was a stranger to them; they did not recognize her, but Granny Driscol knew her. The great crowd is quiet now. The children are on the platform with the mayor and the committee. The mayor has the French doll in his hands. The prize is about to be awarded.

A beautiful blue-eyed child is led to the mayor by the chairman of the committee. Listen! he is speaking: "Your honor, I take pleasure in presenting to you the winner of the doll, little May Sexton, who is most fittingly attired, though not perhaps, most expensively attired."

A great cheer and a great clapping of hands drowned out the complaints, the indignant exclamations of the thirty-nine mothers, and their indignant friends. Granny Driscol's old

eyes were filled with tears, while her old shriveled hands waved a handkerchief in celebration of her darling's triumph. Soon the word went out the great crowd that "grandmother's pet" had won. She had not been recognized until now. The moth ers became more indignant.

"How on earth did that old pauper dress that child so beautifully?" asked more than one disappointed mother. "Love found the way," said the mayor.

But how did granny do so well? On the morning of May 1st little May was dressed in her best by her grandmother. Her dress was made from an old lace curtain of beautiful design. Her grandmother had the curtain for fifty years. Her stockings were bluish gray, her shoes black, and the one was devoid of garters, the others wanting in buckles. Her hair was without flowers or other ornamentation and poor May did not look much like a prize winner. But her grandmother had a smile on her face; she seemed confident. She stands May on a chair and proceeds to fix her toilet.

From a queer old box of a trunk she takes out many curious things. She brings out some green wire, some beautiful little flowers of a pale blue color. The little wire was worked beautifully into the lace skirt. A wreath of roses of different hues was quickly made and placed over May's glorious curls. A necklace of rare bowers were made as if by magic and placed on May's neck. A paste-board star was cut and fastened above the roses. With manila paper Grandmother Driscol made two imitation buckles and two garters. On each garter was fastened a white rose. All the flowers were artificial, but all looked most natural. Then granny took out some brushes and two queer little bottles. She proceeded to paint May's shoes with a silver paint. Then the buckles were painted with gold paint, as were also the garters. Then grandmother put a flower here and a flower there and finally she painted the little star with silver, which made it stand out in beautiful contrast with her golden hair. With white powder her stockings were made white. May was then given a delicate white wand decorated in gold and silver, and adorned with several beautiful ribbons. "You look as charming as a fairy queen," said granny

in triumph as she finished her task. No one in Bellevue knew that granny was at one time a celebrated actress, and knew the art of beautification thoroughly. This was how May won the mayor's doll.

EUGENIA MALLOY.

A SENIOR'S MEDITATIONS.

A few more days to study,
A few more days to win,
A few more days to be with those
Who've inspiration been.

A few more days to toil,
To work, to weep, to sigh,
A few more days and then we'll meet
The crisis drawing nigh.

Oh, Time, if thou could'st only halt!
If thou could'st only see
How swift thy current urges us
On to eternity!

But just a few more days with those
Whose presence is delight;
For whom we wish that always day
Be theirs, and never night.

But duty calls us forth
To sacrifice them all,
And leaves those pleasures of the past
Within our memories' wall.

—A SENIOR.

"A Goat-That's All"

BLAKE DEANS APPLEWHITE.

"Well, you-all reminds me, when you was a-talking about that there sea-goat, of one time when I cuts the acquaintance of a goat," remarked Bill Allen, ex-cow puncher and ranger.

The remark was drawn forth by an unusual "yarn" having been "spun" on the part of Captain Barker concerning the various doings of a "sea-goat." We had just finished our meal and had secured a sunny spot on the wide veranda. Captain Barker had "set the ball to rolling" by one of his salt-water stories. Eager to hear further the reminiscences of the cow-man, I queried him as to the nature of his goat.

"Well," he said, "this here animal I was narrating to you-all about warn't no finny sea-goat. But a regular old hurricane, giant powder, and tornado mixed up, boiled together, melted, and poured into an old, every day, mangy, one-eyed, Billy goat."

"It happened," he went on, settling himself comfortably in his rocker, "while I was riding herd over in the Panhandle country. I had made for my renavoo a place called Gitthere. This here place I was telling you about was one of the most flourishing camps in the Sou'west at that time. It sported seven fire-water stores, a hotel, an opry house, and a news-paper. This here paper was called the 'Gitthere Tri-Weekly Bark,' and was writ up by a gent named George Washington Miles Standish Daniels, but we-all just called him 'Dago' for short. Well, as I was just saying this here place, Gitthere, was a flourishing camp, and had all the modern improvements. And just about the time I sauntered into this here camp, they was forming a society, or some newfangle thing, up over the 'Red Colt'—that's the fire-water store where I got my nose-paint. They called this here society the Junior Order, or some such name and had got it down to a punctillio. And most

every gent in camp was an active member, and them that warn't were considered as greasers. Well, as gentility demanded me to join this here society I had to join. So I saw the head member of the Order and had it arranged for my 'netiation.'

"Well, when the night came for me to be 'netiated' the whole Junior Order turned out to see it well done. And, as I said before, and sticks to it, this here place, Gitthere, had all the modern improvements, but the one that was concerning me the most was a goat, which the Order has in keeping. I use to think he was for a suvineer or emblem or such ornament, but I have larnt different since. Well, as I was telling you-all, the whole Order was there and set solemn-face like; and over in the corner was that there old, one-eyed goat, looking on, as if it was going to be his turn next, and sniffling at the air like he smelt powder. Well, I got up in the middle of the floor to be 'netiated' and the head member he put a bandana over my eyes and was giving me a pin to pin it with, when he dropped it. Well, I was just stooping down and feeling for it, when, something lightning, hurricane, and tornado was miniature to, struck me. I felt at first as if I had been setting carelessly on some dynamite, and then next that the earth had caught me between the sky and was amashing me as flat as water—which said object is the flattest thing digested. But all my spections were brought to a end by my coming kerflap against the wall. I had been hurled through space with more volocity than a mule's kick and had cleared the distance between me and the wall in an indefinite fraction of a second. I disremembers all that happened for a while, but you may imagine my surprise when I opened my optics and saw that old, one-eyed goat was the head of the chaos. I hardly had my lamps lit before I observed that he was going up into the atmosphere. I couldn't get out of the way before he had described a semi-horizontal-circle which ended with a broad-side that knocked me broad-cast. Then began a game of foot-ball, with me allers on the bottom, and my antomy, radiating from solar plexus, was the goal. Then everything went black.

"When I employed my observers again I was laying on top

of a monte table and a doctor was over me pumping nose-paint, medicals, and E. C. T's. down my throttle, but the first thing I thought of was that one-eyed goat. So I jumped up and began feeling for my six-shooter, for I was going to make mutton out of that goat. But it warn't no use—my gun was gone, and as I looked out of the door, I'll be a mesquito digger, if that one-eyed machine-of-war warn't just gulping down the remains of my holster. Then I started on the war-path for some scalps of the Order, but every mother's son of 'em said that they had been 'netiated by the goat, but they couldn't explain why he hadn't stopped with one good bone-smashing butt. They might have known, if I had told them that Miss Catherine—she's the one that runs the hotel—had sent me to buy some cyene pepper and that I had put it in a chair, and like a short-horn, went and sit on it. No wonder that goat turned ram.

"Next time the 'Gitthere Tri-Weekly Bark' came out on the front page was a great big picture of that goat and some reading about him and me. I larnt that thing by heart. It went something like this:

"'Our respectable and highly esteemed citizen, Mr. William Lemiel Waldorf Allen, happened to a most disastrous accident last night. Although we cannot refrain from smiling at the source he has our utmost sympathy. We can generally stand the members of the equine, bovine, canine and feline families well enough, but when you put us up against a cross-grained, one-eyed, garbage-chewing Billy-goat, you can put us in the discard.

"'The only aid that we can extend to Mr. Allen, unless it is to give him some whiskey checks good at the Red Colt—and that would seem personal—is a little advice. If we were Mr. Allen we would not try to make an attempt to get rid of a staunch Democrat by trying to enter the Junior Order, but would either join the K. U. M. V. or the Y. M. C. A.

"'We express our most animated sympathy for a quartet of bruised limbs, a duet of black optics, and numerous other injured parts of his anatomy. We sincerely hope to see him also in the near future to promenade our boulevards.'

"Well, you-all may take this here humously, but if you ain't never been in a cyclone, or felt a mule's kick, or some such bone-smashing compound, you don't know nothing about a goat."

KEEP SWEET.

Suppose a world of troubles do
Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends considered true
Your trust in them betray;
And every day you meet a snare—
Keep sweet!

A sour heart will make things worse
And harder still to bear
A merry heart destroys the curse
And makes the heavens fair.
So every day whate'er you meet—
Keep sweet!

—EUGENIA MALLOY.

The High School Magazine.

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Editorials

We are very sorry to note the departure of Mr. J. C. Murchison from this city for Wilmington. Mr. Murchison is a man of great energy and ability and has made himself a very useful citizen during his residence here. The Board of Education will miss him particularly for he was an able and active member of that organization, ever working for the best interest of the city schools. He fully realized the great need of better public school facilities and has always used his influence and vote to their betterment. We congratulate Wilmington on the acquisition of so able a man and wish to assure the school

children of that city that they will ever find a true friend in Mr. Murchison.

The present is the most critical point in the entire school year for the High School student. Now is the time when the pupil who has done good work during the fall term may round out a year of good study, and he whose record is rather questionable may recover lost ground by extra application to his studies. The time is especially important to the Senior if he wishes either to enter college or receive the "sheep skin" as his very own. For a failure now would make the winning of a diploma doubtful, and without it the student would find great difficulty in entering college. So, the real live question to the Senior, now, is "To graduate or not to graduate." Let us hope that it will not be the latter.

February seems to be particularly blessed as the month of birth for some of our greatest men. Among this list of men three names stand out very prominently—possibly the three greatest and noblest men this country has ever produced.

These are George Washington, Robert E. Lee and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. About the lives of these men we need say nothing, for what American does not know the entire history of our two greatest leaders and statesmen and our beloved poet laureate?

If the "Heroes a nation worships shows the character and sentiment of the nation's people," may America ever revere the memory of these three.

For better types of great and gentle men can be found nowhere. Possibly the most striking thing about the character of these men is the fact that although all America loved them their most devoted admirers were those who came into closest contact with their lives.

Their inborn gentility, their sympathetic regard for others, their high nobility of character won the respect and love of

every one. What noble models by which any young man might shape his life!

In a time when high ideals are becoming lost in a maze of sordid commercialism it is well for us to study the lives and honor the memory of men who have unselfishly devoted their lives to furthering the good of the people and have passed through this life untouched by the baser passions and with unsullied honor.

We read with interest an address delivered a few weeks since by Prof. W. H. Swift, before a meeting of the North Carolina Association of City School Superintendents and Principals, and printed in the last number of the *North Carolina Journal of Education*. The address is a very able appeal for more and stronger men in the teaching profession. Professor Swift explains this lack as due not so much to the poor remuneration given teachers as to the low estimate popularly accorded the value of the profession. He claims that a large number of superior young men are kept from becoming teachers by the fact that they have a poor opinion of the calling.

Mr. Swift also spoke of the inadequacy of the normal training of the larger part of our colleges in preparing young women to become teachers. He explained that nearly all of these graduates have to spend two or three years practicing before they become really capable teachers.

This is a very regretable state of affairs, if it indeed be so, and we fear it is, for we believe that there is no more noble or desirable calling than that of teaching.

We notice in the same number of the *Journal* an article entitled "The Greensboro Public Schools: Composition a Special Feature," in which the original composition work of the Greensboro pupils is highly complimented. The article deals at length of the manner in which the child is taught to think and write so well in this direction.

We are glad to see that our pupils are making so good an impression along any line so important as that of original composition.

THE BOND ELECTION.

On March 12 the citizens of Greensboro voted $30,000.00 for additional buildings of the city public schools of Greensboro.

It is the intention of the Board of Education to enlarge the Asheboro street school, build a four-room house somewhere on West Lee street, and to erect a $20,000.00 building on Spring street.

This has come none too early. In fact, it should have carried two years ago, but was lost owing to a complication of matters in the city. The crowded condition of the schools for the past two years has taught our people that this provision must be made.

We are glad to see the time approaching when school rooms will not be crowded to an unmeasurable extent, when two sections will not be necessarily taught in the same room, and when the use of the Davie street building as a public school house will be discontinued.

LECTURE TO SENIOR CLASS.

The annual mid-term lecture was delivered to the Senior class by Major Charles M. Stedman in the Smith Memorial building on the evening of February 21. A large audience was present, a great part of which was composed of the members of the High School. Immediately before the exercises began the Senior class filed into the auditorium and occupied the seats which had been reserved for them.

The exercises opened with a song, "Barcarolle," by the High School Glee Club. The invocation was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. H. W. Battle, after which the Glee Club sang "Sweet and Low."

Prof. W. H. Swift introduced Major Stedman with a few words in which he told of his high esteem and personal friendship for the speaker.

When Major Stedman came forward his stately appearance, his dignity and his noble bearing proclaimed him a true South-

ern gentleman of the old type, and it was soon discovered that he was not only a Southern gentleman in appearance but also in soul and character.

The subject of the lecture was "Duty." He impressed upon his hearers the great truth that the only means of obtaining honor, glory, happiness and success is by obeying the voice of duty. He pleaded with the girls and boys who are soon to enter upon the active struggles of life, not to allow that great desire for wealth which is so fast getting control of the world, to crush their sense of duty and make them forget their obligations due to God and man. He warned them that the paths of duty were often difficult, but added that sweet and beautiful remembrance, that beyond those rough and rocky paths lie the rich planes of eternal happiness.

He left with his young hearers the most valuable and noble of all advice and the greatest of all duties, "Above all study the Bible and remember your Creator in the days of your youth that your years may be long, prosperous, useful and happy."

After the lecture the boys of the Glee Club sang "The Bull Dog," with an encore, "I've Been Working on the Levee."

The exercises closed with the benediction by Dr. Battle.

The marshals for the occasion were Holly McNairy as chief, and Cora Mebane, Ruth Williams, Nettie Fleming, Roger Jennings and Harry Grimsley.

Notes from the Literary Societies

On Friday afternoon, February 15, a very interesting and appreciative debate was held in the Assembly Hall of the Lindsay Street School, at a joint meeting of the Idalian and Broadhurst Literary Societies.

The question under consideration was: Resolved, That a man should have a classical education preparatory to a business career. Miss Gozeal Hunt and Mr. Ralph Crutchfield upheld the affirmative; while Miss Emma Starr and Mr. Capus Waynick spoke in behalf of the negative. In consideration of the very able discussion on both sides, it was some time before the judges, Miss Jones, Miss Kibler and Miss Lindsay could arrive at a decision, but after careful deliberation the vote was unanimous in favor of the affirmative.

The question was opened by Mr. Crutchfield, and while from an oratorical standpoint, his paper would probably not have gained special merit; yet from an argumentative point, the paper was excellent and contained points and logic of such a character as to be very difficult to refute, or to discover even a slight flaw.

The next speaker was Mr. Waynick, in behalf of the negative. His paper was constructed in strict accordance with the rules of oratory, and was splendid in every respect. His argument was presented very clearly, and was made still more forceful by good illustrations, and well constructed figures of speech.

Mr. Waynick was followed by Miss Hunt, who delivered one of the best papers of the afternoon, and one which influenced the judges a great deal in coming to a decision. Although short, the paper was excellently constructed and the argument introduced was made perfectly plain by the use of striking examples, and the clear and distinct delivery of the speaker.

The main argument was then closed by Miss Starr. From

a literary standpoint the paper was excellently written, and showed careful preparation in the choosing of words to convey specific ideas. Although one or two of her points did not directly touch the question under consideration, the argument as a whole was good, and was delivered in a pleasing manner.

Mr. Waynick next made the rejoinder for the negative and although he did not attempt to refute much of the argument introduced by the affirmative, at the same time he gave an excellent summary of the points used by himself and colleague.

The debate was closed by the reply of the affirmative through Mr. Crutchfield, who succeeded in tearing up a good part of the argument of his opponents by his perfect self control and skillful use of irony.

The debate as a whole was one of the best delivered in the history of the high school, and it was plainly shown that both of the societies were improving rapidly along this line.

Since the last issue of the HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, the regular semi-annual election of officers has been held in both societies, and the officers themselves, as well as the members who chose them, may well be congratulated.

In the Idalian Society the result of the election was as follows: Miss Emma Starr, president; Miss Lallah Patterson, vice-president; Miss Cora Mebane, secretary, and Miss Gozeal Hunt, critic. The executive committee appointed by the president consisted of Miss Nettie Fleming, Miss Annie Turrentine, Miss Mamie Fountaine, Miss Marianna Justice and Miss Maud Pickard.

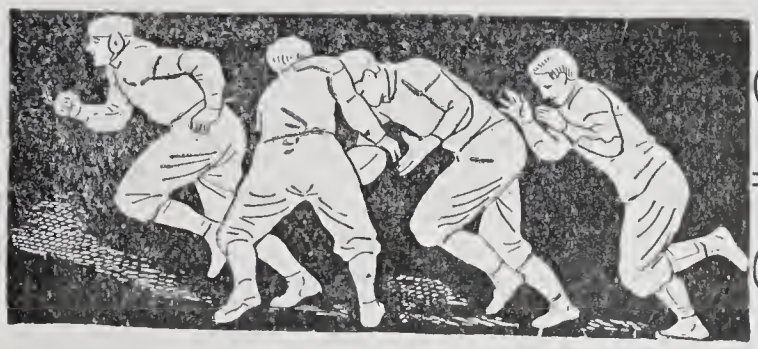
In the Broadhurst Literary Society: Mr. Herbert Jones was elected president; Mr. Samuel Turrentine, vice-president; Mr. William Dillon, secretary, and Mr. Warren McCulloch, critic. The following executive committee was then appointed: Mr. Ralph Crutchfield, chairman, Mr. Capus Waynick, Mr. Allen Preyer, Mr. Harry Grimsley and Mr. Holly McNairy.

On Friday, March 1st, the Broadhurst Literary Society held one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year. In the desire to train the members in parliamentary practice, the executive

committee had arranged for the introduction of a bill by Mr. Williams: "Resolved, That the Broadhurst Literary Society recommend to the Board of Aldermen that it procure a change in the Charter of Greensboro, for the creation of a City Police Judge, or Recorder." A great number of members took part in the discussion, some supporting while others opposed the bill. Although no one had prepared argument for either side, the program was a great success, and the argument introduced was excellent.

At this same meeting the Society unanimously voted pennants for the winning Hockey Team, and for the Baseball Team.

Quite a number of the students of the High School have suggested a debate between our High School and one or two other schools of the State. Durham and Raleigh meet in debate on March 22, and perhaps although it might not be advisable to attempt to debate this session, yet we think it would be well to bring the matter up in one of the meetings of the Society and discuss it.



...Athletics...

HARRY GRIMSLEY.

Why not have a track team for the High School? We could get up a good one. Let's talk it over.

Are you trying for a place on the baseball team? If not, join in with the other boys and help to make the team better. In trying for a place you help the team in two ways; first, if you fail to make it, you compel your successful opponent to play better than if he had no one against him; then, if you succeed in becoming a member of the team, you are not only one of the best players in school but if you had not tried for it, an inferior player would have taken your place. So fall in line with the others. We have enough boys in the High School to have more applicants than we now have. Let every boy in the High School try for some place on the team.

The right athletic spirit is not existing in the High School at present. Only the players and a few others take any interest in the games. We must get a move on us. All the boys and girls in the High School should sustain the athletic enthusiasm.

Last year, after organizing the best football team ever put out by the High School, we did not succeed in arousing interest until nearly the last of the season. We do not want to be so handicapped this year. Come out and shout for the team!

Although the new football rules were made with the intention of reducing the fatalities and injuries in the game, the statistics show very little decrease in the death list under the year before. This last season ten young men were victims of football while the list for the year before numbered thirteen. During the last six years eighty-two were fatally injured on

the football field. None of the large colleges and no Southern college sustained any fatalities. In Canada three of the ten occurred, one college, the University of Toronto, reported two deaths.

After the football season ended the boys of the High School organized two Hockey teams. These teams played every noon recess and one evening played a match game. But with the open weather in January the base ball fever crept in and boys with gloves and mits started practising with high hopes of putting out a good High School base ball team this spring. A few days later a movement was started to organize this team. There were about twenty aspirants who handed in their names. Allen Preyer was elected captain pro-tem and Ralph Crutchfield was elected manager so that he could begin making arrangements for games.

The High School team hopes to play High Point, Guilford, and some other out-of-town teams this year.

There also will be a team from the Junior grades and another from the Intermediate and Senior grades. The Intermediate-Seniors have already organized with Holly McNairy as captain.

Greensboro will have a large number of college games this spring but will not have any professional team of her own. In addition to these college games it is hoped that some of the American or National League teams will give exhibition games here on return from their practice trips South.

The following list of college games will be played here:

March 26—Guilford College vs. Lafayette University.

March 28—Davidson College vs. Cornell University.

March 30—Guilford College vs. University of North Carolina.

April 1 (Easter Monday)—Guilford College, opposing team unknown.

April 2—Guilford College vs. George Washington University.

April 6—Guilford College vs. A. & M. College.

April 8 and 9—Davidson College vs. George Washington University.

April 13—Guilford College vs. Davidson College.

April 20—University of Virginia vs. University of North Carolina.

April 27—Guilford College vs. Wake Forest College.

May 5—University of North Carolina, opposing team unknown.

For the coming year the prospects for a good base ball team from the University of North Carolina are very bright. Already about forty have signed the base ball pledge.

A large precentage of the old team have returned. Thus it is manifest that the outlook for a winning season for Carolina is very good. It is epecially pleasing to note that our contests with the University of Virginia will be renewed.

Exchanges

CLARA GLENN.

We welcome the *Oracle* to our desk. This is the first number we have received, and if the others are as good, it will prove one of our best exchanges. The most interesting article in this number is "Santa Barbara."

We confess that we were very much disappointed in the January number of the *St. Mary's Muse*. The only article of much interest is a well-written article on the life of Robert E. Lee. *Muse*, stir up your contributors!

The tired editor always brightens up when the *Mercerian* is brought to the table. The January number contains many fine articles. This issue has just the mixture of serious and comic which makes a magazine delightful.

The February number of the *High School Enterprise* is a serious magazine both outside and inside. We do not criticise this, however, for it is a good thing to be serious sometimes.

The November issue of the *Reidsville High School Magazine* should be called the "Merchant of Venice" issue, for it contains scarcely anything but a fatiguing review of different characters in the Merchant of Venice; and before the editor finished reading them she was getting very sleepy.

Christmas is a thing of the past, but as we read the December number of the *Messenger* we are taken back, for this issue is full of Christmas. The stories are very good. We quote this little verse from the "Jester's Page," and sympathize with the writer:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
That I made but 62,
For I'll never make a pass mark
Till Geom. and Greek skidoo.

Rather in suggestive figures
Tell me that the faculty
Have decreed that Greek and Physics
Shall be made to 23."

The November number of the *High School Bulletin* is lacking in good subject matter, and the contributors do not seem to be living up to the *Bulletin's* motto, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

The literary department of the *Red and White* meets our enthusiastic approval. The exchange is conducted in an admirable manner also.

Of course the January number of the *State Normal Magazine* comes up to its usual standard of excellence. Did you ever know the Normal to fail in anything? "The Value of Forests" is splendid, and we are glad that its value is appreciated, as it won for its writer the Whitsett Prize at the commencement of 1906.

We always save the best for the last as it "leaves a good taste in the mouth." Therefore you see why we left the *University of North Carolina Magazine* until we were through with the others. The biography of Col. William L. Saunders, the distinguished North Carolinian, though not of a student's composition, adds to the attractiveness of the magazine. It is very interesting, and gives the reader a good insight into the character of Colonel Saunders. The other articles are good, and deserve much praise, but for lack of space and time we cannot give them their due.

Current Events

NETTIE FLEMING.

At the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Robert E. Lee it was noted as an evidence of the healing of the wound between the North and South caused by the Civil War that the North also paid tribute to his memory.

Charles Francis Adams, who calls himself a "Yankee of the Yankees," said that from his point of view Lee was "false to his flag," yet under the same conditions he would have done as Lee did. Nearly everybody agrees with President Roosevelt in thinking that Lee was "without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth."

The Nobel Peace prize has been awarded to President Roosevelt who helped to bring about the close of the war between Japan and Russia. The prize consists of a medal, a diploma and $13,127. The money is to be used as a nucleus for founding a perpetual peace commission to strive for better relations between capital and labor among Roosevelt's countrymen.

Dr. Alfred Bernard Nobel, a Swedish inventor and scientist, founded the prize before his death. An income of $200,000 a year is divided into five equal prizes which are to be given annually to the five persons who have made the greatest achievements in physics, in chemistry, in physiology or medicine, in literature of idealistic tendency and in the promotion of universal peace.

The Jamestown Exposition will be different from our previous ones. It will be near the shore, and this will permit a naval display. It will be next to the greatest naval parade in the world. The greatest one was at Queen Victoria's diamond

jubilee. It is hoped that all the foreign countires will be represented in this parade.

The Cubans think that the new republic will be a farce, and in less than six months anarchy will reign. They are signing a petition asking President Roosevelt to establish an American protectorate like that which England has in Egypt. It is said that this is so greatly desired that they threaten to cause negro disorders and to destroy foreign property if they do not get it.

Austria is now one of the most democratic countries in Europe. We are told that it was made so through the influence of the Emperor, Francis Joseph, himself. A bill for universal suffrage in the Empire has lately been voted upon, and now any citizen twenty-five years of age can vote.

A number of the leading countries in Europe have recently formed new constitutions. Persia has been heard from last. Her constitution was signed in December.

King Leopold, the most extravagant and pleasure loving monarch in Europe, has used on himself and his palace the revenues that should have been used for making roads and for education and religion in Africa. Because of his extravagance the State is in debt about $26,000,000. The rubber forests have been ruined and the Kongoes have been treated inhumanly. The only remedy for these evils seems to be to change the African estates of Leopold to a Belgian colony. If Belgium does this, in spite of some diffinelties, she will win the admiration of the world.

The missionaries in China are appealing for relief for the Chinese famine sufferers, but the most compelling appeal yet is that of international commerce. The consul-general at Shanghai, Mr. Rogers, thinks that within the next few months dangerous things will develop, things that will greatly effect foreign interests, commercial and political. But Consul Haynes thinks that if we go to their aid now it will dispel the ill feeling caused by our past coolness toward China.

An imperial edict has been issue declaring that the cultivation and use of opium in China must cease within ten years.

Advertisements

We call the attention of all students to our advertisements. Our friends have advertised more extensively this year than ever before; we want to show our appreciation by a more loyal support. Before you buy ask the merchant whether he advertises; if he doesn't, hunt up some of our friends; they are numerous and will appreciate your patronage. We speak with confidence of the reliability of each firm mentioned and take pleasure in commending them to your consideration and support. Patronize those who patronize us.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

ETHEL MCNAIRY.

Mr. Jackson: "Fred, the girls' yard is in bad shape. Please clean it up at once."

Fred: "Yessur, I will. It's been my termination to proceed upon dat accomplishment promptuously, but I slam forgotten about it till you pronounced it to me."

Exit Mr. Jackson.

Second Grade Pupil: "Miss O'Neale, I certainly do love you. You look just like my Grandma."

All gall is divided into three parts—cheek, cast iron nerve, and brass.—*Ex.*

Mr. Swift (examining applicant for Janitor's place): "Do you use profance language?"

Applicant: "I kin, if necessary."

He got the place.

Ralph (studying calender): "By George, hard luck again. Easter comes on Sunday this year."

"Is your father living?"
"No. He's in Hillsboro."

Lives of foot-ball men remind us
We can write our names in blood,
And departing leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.

—*Ex.*

Poem by a Practice School Pupil:

"Mary had some chewing gum,
That gum was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
That gum was sure to go.

"She took the gum to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
The teacher took her gum away
And chewed it after school."

Mr. Jackson: "What is the meaning of 'retrenchment?'"
Lucile: "Digging up dirt."

Among Ourselves

ROBERT BEALL.

Brockton Lyon recently spent several days in Washington City.

Bryan Murchison was chief page in the House of Representatives at Raleigh.

Miss Hampton, teacher of the fifth grade, recently visited the Durham schools.

We regret very much to note the death of the sister to Mr. Lee T. Blair.

On February 22 the schools had holiday as usual, and many teachers and pupils visited out of town.

The Asheboro Street school has lost one of its most successful teachers, Miss Cora Cox, who was recently married to the Rev. Crawford Jackson. Miss Cox was succeeded by Miss Roche Michaux.

Elizabeth Boyd has withdrawn from the High School and is now in school at Salem.

We regret to note that Linnie Gilliland has been forced to stop school, on account of ill health.

Since Christmas a number of new pupils have been enrolled in the High School. Among these are: Murray Tate, Maud Snipes, Viola McLawhorn, Eugenia Malloy and Mary Henley.

We are very sorry to lose Helen Andrews from the High School. She has moved to Cincinnati.

A day of reckoning will soon be here--school closes in a few more weeks,

Bronna Clymer has recently entered Elon College.

Marianna Justice recently visited her father, Speaker E. J. Justice, at Raleigh.

It gives us much pleasure to note that two excellent Glee Clubs have been organized in the High School—one among the girls, and one among the boys. The clubs are practicing weekly under the direction of Miss Gannon, and are making excellent progress.

Clippings

A COLLEGE IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
 School girl's heads are hollow,
Slam it in, jam it in,
 Still there is more to follow.
 Astronomic mystery,
 Algebra, Histology,
 Latin, Etymology,
 Botany, Geometry,
 French and Trigonometry.

Rap it in, tap it in,
 What are teachers paid for?
Slap it in, clap it in,
 What are school girls made for?
 Ancient Archæology,
 Aryan Philology,
 Prosody, Zoology,
 Physics, Climatology,
 Calculus and Mathematics,
 Rhetoric and Hydostatics,
Hoax it in, coax it in,
 School girls' heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
 All that they can follow,
Fold it in, hold it in,
 Still there is more to swallow.
 Faces pinched and pale
 Tell the same undying tale—
 Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
 Meals untasted; studies deep.

Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you,
How the teachers crammed it in,
Slammed it in, jammed it in, . .
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

—*Selected.*

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. W——"?

"Oh, n-no; everybody has his little p-peculiarity. S-s-t-tammering is mine; w-what is y-yours?"

"Well, really, I'm not aware that I have any."

"Do y-you stir y-your t-tea with y-your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity; I s-stir m-mine with a tea-spoon."—*Ex.*

If Eve had been as 'fraid of snakes
As women are of mice,
We'd not have had to pull up stakes
And move from Paradise.—*Ex.*

What are the principal trades in the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry and going out on a strike.—*Ex.*

I ain't got nothing, ain't had nothing,
Don't want nothing, but you;
I ain't seen nobody, don't know nobody,
Aint' had nobody, 'tis true.
If you'll have me, I'll love you,
If you want money, I won't do,
'Cause I ain't got nothing, ain't had nothing,
Don't want nothing, but you. —*Ex.*

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The best shoes here means no better anywhere.

You'll believe if you see and if you see you'll buy.

Low prices and good shoes are the secret of our success.

We are sellers of good shoes and advertisers of facts.

Going a shoe hunting? Come here.

Keep an eye on us, we've an eye on you.

We cut profits, not values.

There's an air of "just right" about our shoes.

We're playing to crowded houses every day.

We take no chances with quality.

The honest dollar always finds an honest bargain here.

We make good every word of our advertisements.

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